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ABOVE PATENT NUMBERS MUST NOT BE COVERED

**TO UNLOCK** the book, raise cover to be unlocked to a vertical position, and pull rod out as far as it will come.

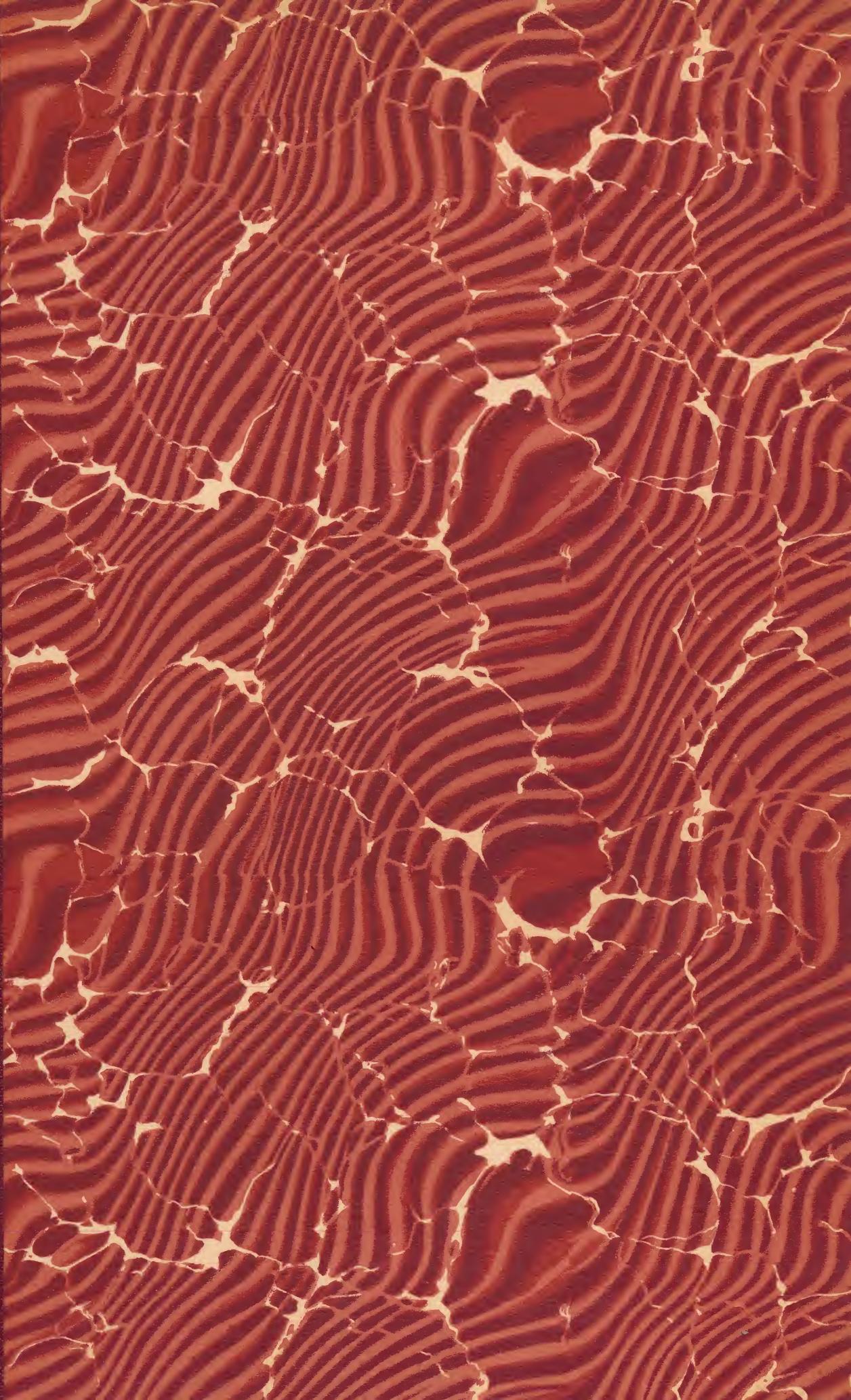
**TO LOCK**—Adjust the cover back into position so the notches in the cover fit over the posts, then push in rod.

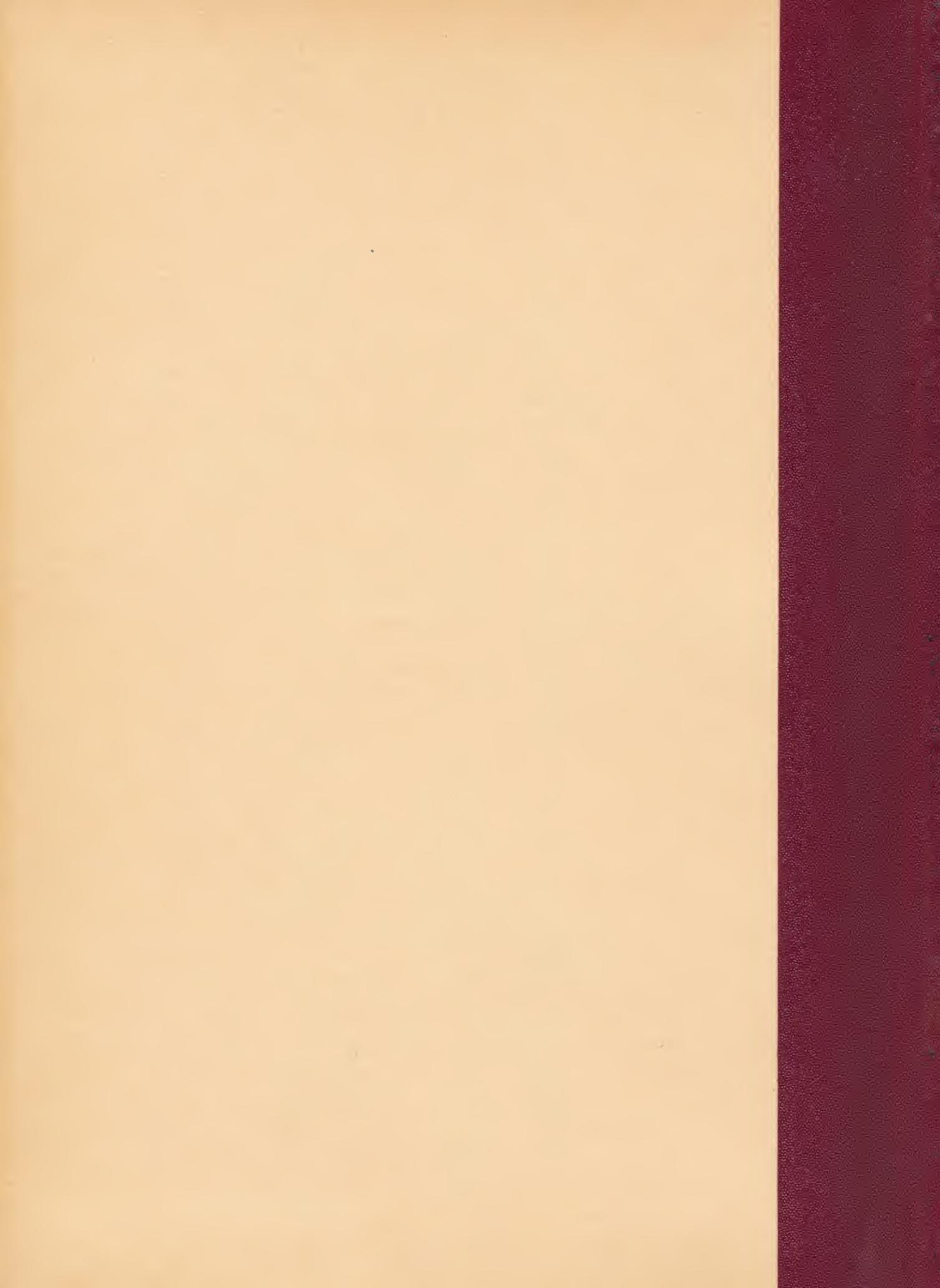
Do not attempt to unlock either cover unless opposite cover is locked, as posts should always be held in one of the covers.

**TO LOCK BOOK PERMANENTLY**—This is only to be done when all the sheets are written up and placed in the binder, for once permanently locked, it is impossible to unlock or open it.

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# HISTORICAL DIRECTORY



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76-17848

James Alfred Visser



J A M E S   A L F R E D   V I S S E R

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Private First Class James Alfred Visser was killed by an artillery burst July 2, 1944. He was serving as ammunition carrier with a machine gun section in a rifle platoon on the island of Saipan. His serial number was 544224 and he was a member of Company B, 8th Marines, 2nd Division.

Birth and Education

James was born in Chicago, Illinois, June 29, 1925, son of Andrew and Theresa Molenhouse Visser, both of whom were born in the United States of Holland parentage. Andrew was born about 1904 and died in 1934 and Theresa was born in 1905 and died in Chicago, Illinois, in 1933. They had one other son, Edwin James, born May 24, 1924, in Chicago, Illinois. He served in the United States Navy for three years, was discharged in November, 1945, and at this time in 1946 resides in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

When the parents of James and Edwin Visser died the boys were taken into the loving care of a maternal aunt, Mrs. John Hoff, who with her husband and their two children, Annabelle and Claude, made



a complete and congenial family circle.

Annabelle Hoff was born February 16, 1924, and married Edward Onderdenlinde and her brother Claude was born February 7, 1926, and served nearly two years with the United States Navy. These two Hoff children and the two Visser boys showed great affection for each other.

James, affectionately called "Bud", attended the Timothy Christian School in Cicero, Illinois, and stayed until he was graduated from the grade school. Then for two years he went to the Chicago Christian High School at Englewood, which was under the direction of the Christian Reformed Churches of Chicago, Illinois.

When the Hoff family moved to Bangor, Michigan, James attended the High School there until he was near graduation when the Hoff family moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and made their home at 1008 Grant street.

In Kalamazoo James found employment as a cook at the State Hospital until he enlisted in the Marine Corps in August, 1943.

He was sent to San Diego, California, for training. At that time he tried to get into the Air Corps. He was shipped overseas December 23, 1943, and landed in Hawaii, where he received more



training, after which he was sent into combat in the South Pacific and made the supreme sacrifice on Saipan. His body was buried in the 2nd Division Marine Cemetery in Plot D, Row 8, Grave 15.

Memorial services were held for James Alfred Visser at the Third Christian Reformed Church in Kalamazoo, Michigan, at 4:30 P. M., Saturday, August 19, 1944, the pastor, the Reverend Cornelius Oldenberg, officiating.

"Bud" was a typical boy and enjoyed the games and recreational life of the average young man. He played ball, bowled, rode horseback and participated in the social activities of his church and neighborhood.

His cousin Claude and he purchased an old station wagon, which Annabelle named "a Puddle-Jumper." They were forever tinkering with it to make it run and their constant occupations were cranking and pushing it. They used it to go to the lakes to swim and had many happy hours in it.

#### Personal Characteristics

"Bud" was five feet nine inches tall, was of medium weight and had light brown hair and brown eyes.

He was very lively and quick in his motions and was so alert and ready in his mental actions that



it is almost impossible for the family to realize that so vibrant a personality could be gone from this earthly life forever.

He was a member of the Third Christian Reformed Church in Kalamazoo and attended its services with the zeal and interest of a good boy raised by his careful foster parents in the Christian atmosphere of home and Church.

When he enlisted he remarked that he wanted to go to save some others from going, saying, "It is better that I get killed than some of these husbands and fathers." Such a statement revealed "Bud's" generous and thoughtful consideration of others. Yet he had the usual strong young man's love of life.

In personal demeanor and consecration of himself to high standards of living, "Bud" showed rare good judgment.

When duty called him to engage in difficult tasks, his mind and body were prepared and he did not turn aside.

#### Excerpts From Letters

One of the boys from the Third Christian Reformed Church in Kalamazoo wrote:

"Last summer I was going around with him and now I'll never see him again. I really liked him, he was a swell kid and now he is dead. That makes the first one from our church to be



killed in action . . . "

Signed, Bernard A. Hutt

Roger A. Block wrote to Annabelle:

"Although we knew each other but a very short time, we grew to be very good friends. I'm sure that the rest of his friends feel the same as I do, and he'll be missed by all."

First Sergeant F. W. Dinsman of Company B of the 8th Marines wrote to Bud's foster parents:

"Bud was well liked by all the fellows. . . . His spirits were high the last few days because we were through the toughest part of Saipan. We are proud to have served with him and to have known him."

Harry R. Boer, Protestant Chaplain, wrote:

. . . "Bud expressed appreciation for his Christian training received at home and Church and expressed his desire and intention to remain faithful and true to his Christian obligations."

Captain John C. Lundrigan of the Marine Corps wrote:

"I was James' Commanding Officer and knew him well. He was very popular with the men of the company and a good Marine. I completely understand your loss and offer my deepest sympathy."

"Farewell dear voyager, thy work is done,  
Now may peace rest with thee.  
Thy kindly deeds and thoughts, they will live on.  
This is not death, but immortality."





Edwin Wallace Vosburg

E D W I N   W A L L A C E   V O S B U R G

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Edwin Wallace Vosburg was born in Camillus, New York, November 28, 1865, son of William B. and Margaret Vosburg. When he was one year old the family moved to Rockford, Michigan, after which they changed their residence to a farm near Kalamazoo belonging to Thomas R. Sherwood and later to a place owned by Judge Sherwood on Gull road.

Edwin attended the school in the district where he lived, following which he took a commercial course in Parsons Business School. At the age of twenty-one he was elected clerk of Kalamazoo township, which was the beginning of an extensive service in public office. He served for five years in this first office to which he was elected. For several years he lived on the Cornelius Cox farm on Gull road.

When his father became sheriff of Kalamazoo county in 1893, Edwin was appointed chief deputy, which office he held for two terms ending in December 1897. He purchased part of the den Bleyker farm on the east side of Kalamazoo and worked it for



several years. Mr. Vosburg served as clerk for Kalamazoo county from January 1, 1906, until December 31, 1910, after which he engaged in the real estate business for about eight years. He then went to Three Rivers, Michigan, and was proprietor of the old national hotel for about two years. Detroit, Michigan, was his next place of residence, where he engaged in the manufacturing business with his son until 1921, when he returned to Kalamazoo county and built his home in Comstock and engaged in road construction, sold gravel and conducted a poultry business, of which he made a hobby and raised many prize-winning birds. He designed a road scraper and road machine which was hailed by his contemporaries with some mirth, but it has since come into general use. In 1930, he was elected supervisor of Comstock township and was re-elected until he had served three terms.

Mr. Vosburg was married three times. His first marriage was to Genevieve Vail on April 3, 1889; she became the mother of Alan E. Vosburg of Chicago, Illinois, and a daughter Gladys, who married Donald Little and resides in Springfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Vosburg's second marriage was to Della Stimson in 1920; she died in 1926.



February 11, 1928, he was married to Mrs. Lila Wright Botsford, who for ten years had been post master at Comstock. She was born in Schoolcraft township, Kalamazoo county, Michigan, but spent most of her life in Comstock where she attended school. By her former marriage she became the mother of Marjorie Botsford, who married Olin S. McQueen and of Harriet Botsford, who lives with her mother at 45 Henrietta street, Comstock.

Mr. Vosburg had four grandchildren, Alan E. Vosburg, Jr., William Vosburg, Marjorie Vosburg, and Vail Little.

Mr. Vosburg was a leader in the ranks of the Republican party in Kalamazoo county, belonged to the Masons and was a member of the Independent Order of Oddfellows. He took an active interest in and served as president of the Comstock Civic Improvement League; was at one time candidate for mayor of the city of Kalamazoo and served on the Board of Health; was a member and officer in the poultrymen's organization and served as president of the Comstock Parent Teachers Association; he helped to organize the Kalamazoo Real Estate Association, was its first president and helped to compile the by-laws. He enjoyed basket ball and



other sports. He took a very active interest in the Young Men's Christian Association and served on the Board of Directors. From boyhood he was a member of the Presbyterian church and took an active part in the Sunday school. He was fair-minded, calm, well poised, kindly, charitable, excusing the faults of others and never speaking harshly of others.

In personal appearance he was about five feet nine inches tall, weighed about one hundred ninety pounds, had black hair turned gray and dark eyes. He was widely known and had many friends who held him in high esteem.

April 13, 1938, he completed his work on this earth and went to do the bidding of the Master wherever his appointed task might be. The funeral was conducted by the Reverend John Wirt Dunning, D. D., and burial was in Riverside cemetery. The service at the grave was in charge of the Masonic order and the pall bearers were his nephews.



Lawrence Albert Wagar



L A W R E N C E   A L B E R T   W A G A R

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Lawrence Albert Wagar was born at Texas Corners, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, February 5, 1885, son of Effie Shirley and William H. Wagar, a fireman, who was killed while fighting fire in 1899. Lawrence had two sisters: Frances, who married V. Abbott and is deceased; Shirley, who married Frank L. Westfere and resides in Kalamazoo.

Lawrence was yet a boy when the family moved to Kalamazoo, where he attended school. In 1903, he engaged in the undertaking business and devoted his entire life to it.

Mr. Wagar was a 32nd degree Mason and a member of the Shrine. He also belonged to the Elks and the Knights of Pythias and at one time he was a member of the Modern Woodmen of America. He was a Republican in politics and at one time held the office of Kalamazoo County Coroner. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church. He enjoyed hunting and fishing and went north for deer in the fall. He also enjoyed foot-ball and base ball games.

October 12, 1904, Lawrence A. Wagar married



Sadie Van Halst of Kalamazoo, daughter of Belle Woodworth and Cornelius Van Halst, who was engaged in the undertaking business and with whom Lawrence Wagar worked for a number of years and had entire charge of the business for fifteen years before his death.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Wagar were the parents of: Carl William, M. D., who married Emma Koester and is beginning the practice of medicine in Schoolcraft, Michigan; Ruth M., who married Asher Clark; Frances Belle, a high school student; Lawrence Albert Jr., and John Henry, both of whom are students.

Lawrence Albert Wagar was a fine father, genial in manner, and made many friends. Death came to him December 6, 1934. The funeral was conducted by the Reverend Emmanuel Mayers and burial was in Riverside cemetery.

Written December 18, 1936.







L A W R E N C E   W A G N E R

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Lawrence Wagner was born at Livingston, Kentucky, not far from the Renfro Valley of radio fame. He was the son of Lee and Maggie Milburn Wagner, both Kentucky born.

Lawrence was the oldest of seven children: Luther died when two years old; Conn and Edgar, twins, born February 29, 1920; Christine, born [redacted]; Ruby, born May 1, 1925; and Geneva, born July 19, 1928. At this time, 1944, Conn is in the United States Army in Texas and married to a girl from that state. The other brothers and sisters are at home with their parents.

Lawrence received his education in the public schools of Kentucky and then worked at various trades until he finally took a course under a famous hotel chef.

He enlisted in the United States Army at Lexington, Kentucky, in October 1940, and was sent to Fort Benjamin Harrison for basic training and was assigned to the 11th Infantry. He was graduated from their Cooks and Bakers' School.



After basic training, the service company of this Infantry was sent to Fort Custer on detail duty early in 1941, and Lawrence remained until September 1, 1942, when he was transferred to the Chemical Warfare Branch of the Air Corps and sent to the Fort George Wright at Spokane, Washington. While there he was promoted to Mess Sergeant.

In May 1943, this Chemical Outfit was broken up and the men assigned to various other companies. Lawrence was sent to Davis Monthan Field at Tucson, Arizona, with a heavy bomber squadron. While there he was awarded a good conduct ribbon. Previously he had been awarded medals for being an expert rifleman, for proficiency with the pistol, machine gun, hand grenade and rifle. He also won a medal for sharp-shooting.

He left Davis Monthan Field for a month's training at Salt Lake City, Utah, a replacement center for the Air Force, then was returned for a short stay at Davis Monthan Field.

Sgt. Wagner was then sent to Westover Field, Massachusetts in October 1943, and left for overseas the following January, their squadron being a part of the 15th Air Force.

From that time on, most of his movements are covered with secrecy until word was received from



the government on April 16, 1944, that he had been killed in a motor accident March 30, 1944, in Cerignola, Italy. A letter stated that Sgt. Lawrence was out on an official pass and fell or was thrown from a truck and killed instantly by being struck by the vehicle which the truck was towing. Burial was in the U. S. Military Cemetery for the 15th Air Force personnel at Bari, Italy.

It was while he was stationed at Fort Custer that he went to the government building one day and met the young lady who became his wife. She was then in the employ of the government.

Miss Elizabeth Rishel of 917 Cottage avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan, was the young lady. She was the daughter of Vern E. and Lela Randall Rishel, of English, Holland and German descent. Elizabeth was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, July 2, 1917. Her brother Robert died in infancy; her brother Charles, born June 2, 1923, is with the Anti-aircraft Artillery in New Guinea.

Lawrence Wagner and Elizabeth Rishel were married in Kalamazoo, Michigan, May 6, 1941, by the Reverend Richard F. Barram. They became the parents of Robert Lee, born . Mrs. Wagner is a trusted employee and the head of her department with the Atlas Press engaged in war production.



Personal Characteristics

Sgt. Wagner was five feet eight inches tall, and had light brown hair and blue eyes. He had a sunny, kind disposition and took pleasure in doing things for others.

He was the product of a good Christian home and reverently interested in eternal things. While in service he habitually attended chapel and derived much comfort and strength therefrom.

Another fine American has joined the growing number of those who have given their lives to make liberty the enjoyed heritage of all. Their sacrifice shall not be forgotten.

Major Farnsworth wrote March 23, 1944:

"Lawrence is to be commended for the outstanding manner in which he was performing a special mission for the squadron. You can be proud of your husband for the contribution he made."

Memorial services were held at the Portage Street Baptist Church in Kalamazoo, Michigan, at 3 P. M. Sunday, April 30, 1944, the Reverend A. G. Hetherington, pastor, officiating.





Mr & Mrs Edwin Wagner



S I M O N   W A G N E R

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N E L L I E   R O U N D H O U S E   W A G N E R

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Simon Wagner was born in Groningen, The Netherlands, July 15, 1870, one of the five children of Charles and Florence Kolk Wagner, both of whom are deceased at the time of this writing in 1942. The other children were: Kate, who married George Fitzgerald; John, who married Jennie Klimp; Henry, who is unmarried; and Jennie, who married Garrett Peekstak.

When Simon, who is next to the oldest of the children, was two years old the family came to the United States of America and settled at Castleton-on-the-Hudson; and when he was ten years of age they came to Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Simon had little formal education as times were hard and boys early went to work to help support the family. However, he made the most of what opportunity he had and recalls that he cleaned brick for the Parsons Business College building and took his pay in tuition.



While yet a young boy Simon operated a sand paper machine for the W. S. Dewing Company and later he worked for the Globe Casket Company. When he was only fourteen he was trying to do a man's work on the farm of Albert White at White's Lake, where he worked for five years, leaving there to work for another farmer named Pike, also residing on White's road, working there for two years.

At the end of his first year at Mr. Pike's he was married to Miss Nellie Roundhouse March 27, 1895. She was also born in Groningen, The Netherlands, the date being March 12, 1875. She was one of eleven children, three of whom are living: Mrs. Anna Booden, Mrs. Nancy Wolthouse and Mr. Leonard Roundhouse, all of Kalamazoo. Those who reached adulthood before passing away were: Cornelius, who died in 1937; Peter, deceased at the age of twenty-eight; and Lizzie at the age of seventeen.

Nellie came with her father's family from The Netherlands directly to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and made their home on Vine street when she was about four years old. While on the boat her parents were undecided as to what place they would select for their home and finally chose Kalamazoo at the suggestion of a fellow passenger, who brought them



directly to his brother who was already established in Kalamazoo. As soon as the children were old enough they all went to work. Nellie, at the age of eleven, secured work in a paper mill sorting papers ten hours a day and the first week received one dollar with which to help her parents; but it was not long until she was earning four and sometimes five dollars each week and more as time went by, until she was married at the age of twenty.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner began housekeeping on the farm of Mr. Pike, for whom he worked. In 1896 the farm was sold but the Wagners stayed in the house for a few months and Simon did odd jobs for cash to buy necessities in addition to the fruits and vegetables which they raised during the summer. Then he secured steady employment with the Harrow Spring Company under the management of Mr. Brink, the President being Mr. Walter Burdick, and remained in their employ for five years, after which he engaged in raising celery for two years.

For thirty-five years Mr. Wagner conducted a meat and grocery store at 1953 Portage street and when he retired his sons continued the business.

Before his marriage Mr. Wagner had invested his savings in a house on South Burdick street. At



that time the number was<sup>4</sup> 1618, but the location is now in the 1800 block. Mr. Wagner's parents lived in the house, but some of the time Simon and his family made it their home also. Later they made their home at 1325 South Burdick street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner became the parents of: Charles, born June 10, 1897, was graduated from the Moody Bible Institute and from the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Omaha, Nebraska, married Irene Sootsman, a graduate nurse from Bronson Hospital, became the father of Joan, born April 2, 1926, and is a minister of the gospel in Fairbush, New York; Clara, born January 19, 1901, married Reverend Delbert Kenney, an alumnus of Hope College, became the mother of Patricia Anne, Janet Marlene and Clara Dell, and resides in Clifton, New Jersey; Florence, born August 20, 1903, married Thomas Blink; Anna, born January 9, 1906, died at fifteen years of age; Herbert, born December 6, 1909, married Marion Kalleward and has a daughter, Marcia Ann; John, born November 17, 1914, lives with his parents and conducts the grocery and meat market; and Cornelius, born April 2, 1917, married Josephine Mertz and resides in Kalamazoo.

During the active years of steady hard work making a living for his family, Mr. Wagner found



little time for recreation, but did enjoy and occasionally indulged in fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner's lives have been centered in their home and their church. He attended Sunday school as a boy and was converted about 1903. Mrs. Wagner was twenty-three years of age when she went before the consistory of the First Reformed Church in Kalamazoo and made her confession of faith. After that he attended her church. Following his conversion in the old Bethany Reformed Church, they both attended there. For twenty consecutive years he served as a member of the consistory of that church and later served ten years more, making thirty years in all in which he served his church in an official capacity.

They believe in family worship, in private as well as public worship, and they taught their children the Christian way of life. All of them are members of the church.

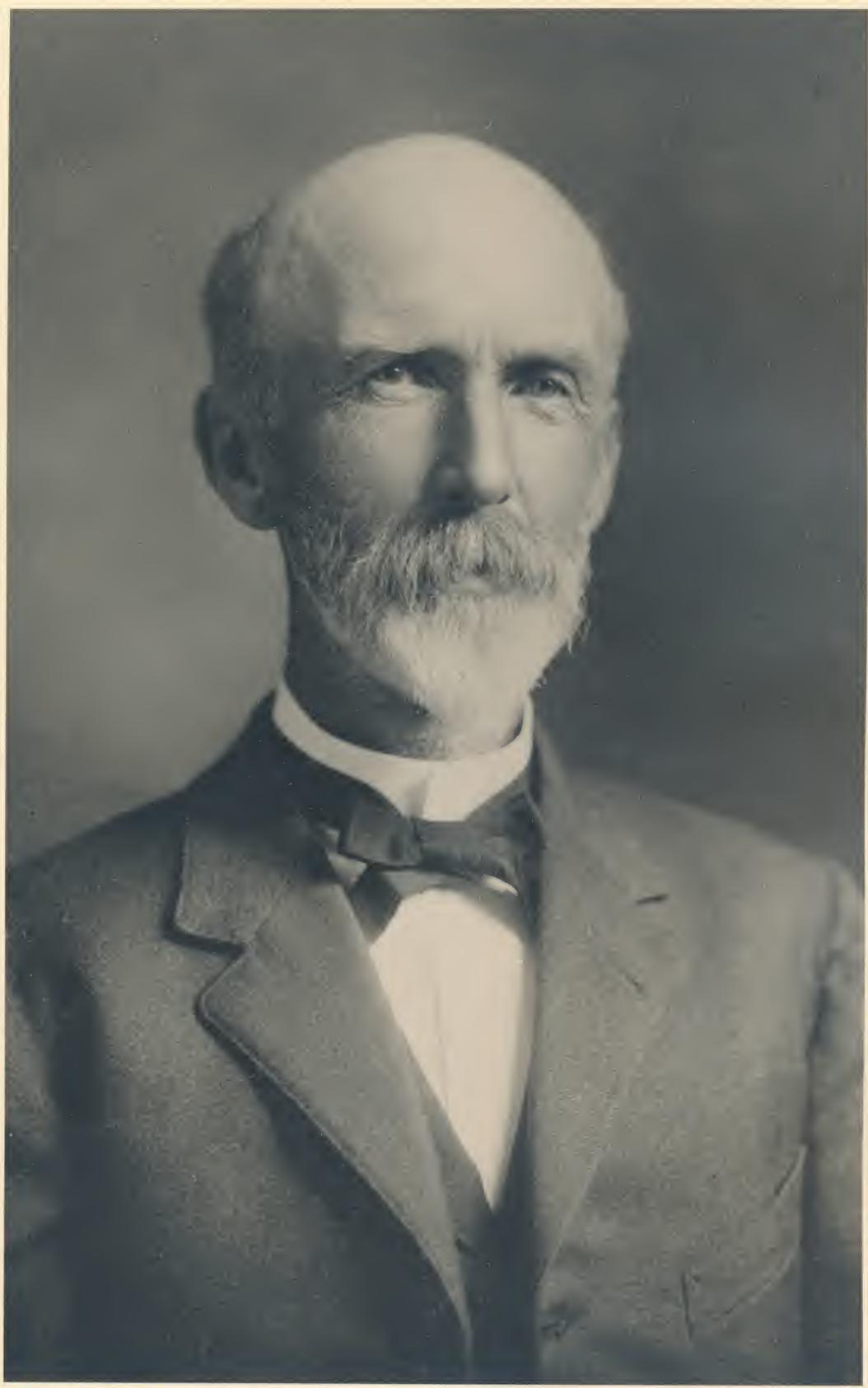
Mr. and Mrs. Wagner are hard working, clean living, high thinking, splendid Christian citizens. Nothing pleases them more than to have a family reunion, which is becoming increasingly hard because of gasoline rationing on the eastern coast where two of their children live. They look forward hope-



fully to March 27, 1945, when, if God spares them,  
they will gather their children and grandchildren  
around them about the family hearth to celebrate  
fifty years of happy married life.



Burton C. Waite





Mrs. Burton C. Waite

M R . A N D M R S .  
B U R T O N C W A I T E

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Burton C. Waite was born September 5, 1850, in Pennfield, Monroe County, New York, the oldest of seven children. His parents moved to Michigan when he was five years old. His father, Elihu Waite, cleared a farm in Genessee County, near Fenton and this farm has remained in the family to this day. His ancestry was English, being a direct descendant of Thomas Waite who came to Rhode Island from England in 1634 and whose son, Benjamin Waite, figured prominently in the Indian Wars at Deerfield, Massachusetts. His mother was Elizabeth Tarbell of New York. Her ancestry was English and dated back to the American Revolution and earlier colonial history of Salem, Massachusetts.

As a young man, Mr. Waite taught in a country school near Fenton, Michigan, and later he was engaged in farming.

In October 30, 1877, he married Althea Walker of Kalamazoo, the daughter of Dexter



Walker, a brick manufacturer. After his marriage, his father-in-law persuaded him to move to Kalamazoo and to learn the brick industry as this was a good business in a town which was growing rapidly. For over thirty years, Mr. Waite operated a brick-yard near Kalamazoo. For a short time he had a yard in Cloverdale, Michigan, and one just off West Michigan Avenue but for the longest period his establishment was in the valley north of West Main Street near Hilbert Street. He sold many thousands of brick to the State Hospital and to the various churches. Many buildings are still standing which are built of the bricks made on these pioneer yards.

Althea Walker whom he married, was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, November 12, 1854, also of a pioneer Michigan family. Her father, Dexter Walker, who came here in 1849 from Canada, was of early American stock, his grandfather, a Vermonter, having fought in the American Revolution. Her mother was Phoebe Anne Wadsworth of the Connecticut Wadsworths and a direct descendant of the Wadsworth of Charter Oak fame. The old

and much more important than  
the one hundred thousand men who  
will hold our place or are capable of holding  
them in any position long a time will be greatly  
increased now and the following are some  
of the reasons in existence which will account  
for this and all with peace's self -  
with the two last mentioned, it is necessary  
and easier to gain and yet to hold dominion  
over the three millions of the French people  
than over all the Southem families who are not  
as one hundred years ago at home in America.  
The only difficulty you would meet with has  
to do with the fact that the three millions  
are all living about  
in their little houses, and are not  
so easily to be got at as the French people  
are who have been used to live in  
the same houses for so long a time, and  
are not so easily to be got at.

Walker homestead which Dexter Walker built before the Civil War was located on Douglas Avenue just beyond Patterson Street. It remained in the family over seventy years and was sold in 1921.

Mrs. Waite as a young girl joined the First Baptist Church of Kalamazoo and was active there and a regular attendant until her last days.

Mr. and Mrs. Waite were the parents of three children: Edna, (Mrs. Charles Towne), who died in 1911; Burton Wadsworth, who died of pneumonia in 1910 at Assumption, Illinois, where he was teaching; and Alice A. Waite, a member of the Kalamazoo Public Library staff, who with a granddaughter, Helen Towne Ensign of Battle Creek, survives.

Mr. and Mrs. Waite lived long, useful lives of unselfish devotion to their family and friends. Mr. Waite died on May 27, 1930 in his eightieth year. Mrs. Waite died just ten years later on May 18, 1940, in her eighty-sixth year. They are buried in the family lot at Riverside Cemetery in Kalamazoo.

and this would reduce quite a bit potential market  
power enjoyed by certain non oil OPEC and non-OECD  
oil producers. It seems reasonable enough that  
if there are no major changes into global oil  
markets, the oil price will remain relatively stable.  
That is, if the oil price does not rise above \$20  
per barrel, it will not be considered to be an abnormal  
price level and OPEC countries' behavior is likely  
to change not have much effect on oil  
prices (unless political conflict), and conflicts could  
be able to influence output like at their  
peak, probably, although it does not guarantee  
output to decline as well. So, I think that oil  
will not have much effect on oil prices but it  
will be difficult to predict exactly what  
will happen in oil markets.



F. 6/1940 -

Duane Ralph Waldo

D U A N E   R A L P H   W A L D O

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Duane Ralph Waldo was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, April 19, 1924, the son of Ernest K. Waldo, who was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and Virginia Clark Waldo, who was born in Chicago, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Waldo were married in Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1922 and have lived all their married life on the south side of this city. In addition to Duane, they are also the parents of:

Arlene June, born August 31, 1930, and

Ernest Clark, born April 9, 1936.

Duane attended Washington School until completing the ninth grade and then moved on to Central High School where he graduated with honors in June 1942. He made an outstanding record in his school work, particularly in mathematics and science. He was also an active participant in extra-curricular activities, being prominent in dramatics, a member of the Central High News staff, the Glee Club, the Quill and Scroll society, the Chemo Club and the Central High Young Men's Christian Association.

He attended the Wolverine Boys' State at East



Lansing in 1941 and served as editor of its daily paper.

In the spring of 1942, Duane took part in a competitive examination conducted by Kalamazoo College. There were nearly fifty participants coming from several states all of whom were high-ranking students in their respective graduating classes. Duane won first place and was rewarded with a four year scholarship at Kalamazoo College. He completed one year before entering Military service.

Duane was six feet tall, very slender, had dark hair and blue eyes. He was very popular with the fellows and early manifested qualifications for leadership. He was not active in sports and athletics, preferring the radio, reading, and his studies. He was mentally alert, physically fit and disciplined in mind and body. He was strong, pure minded and serious, sound in his judgments and clean in his habits.

All his life, Duane was a regular attendant at the Portage Street Baptist Church, taking an active part in Church and Sunday-school work as well as singing in the Church choir.

Duane Ralph Waldo enlisted in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army on December 8, 1942,



exactly one year after the U. S. Congress had declared a state of war existed between our country and Japan. He was called to active duty June 15, 1943, and received his basic training at Camp Fannin, Texas. In September 1943, he was transferred to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge, Massachusetts. When the Army Specialized Training Program disbanded on April 1, 1944, he was assigned to the airborne infantry at Camp Forest, Tennessee. In May 1944, he spent his last furlough at home. Late in August as a member of the 194th Glider Infantry, 17th Airborne Division, he sailed for England.

Shortly before Christmas 1944, his division flew to the continent and on January 4, 1945, had its first engagement with the enemy. Three days later, January 7, 1945, Duane was killed in the town of Millamont, Belgium. His body was moved to an United States Military Cemetery at Grand Failly, France, which is located in the extreme northeast corner of France. The cemetery is on a hill from which both Belgium and Luxemburg can be seen.

A memorial service was held in the Portage Street Baptist Church in Kalamazoo, Michigan, on February 25, 1945, the pastor, the Reverend A. G.



Hetherington, officiating. The Church was crowded with the many friends who had known and loved Duane. Besides the family previously mentioned, he was also survived by both his grandmothers, Mrs. Lillian Clark and Mrs. Florence Waldo, who reside in Kalamazoo, and several uncles, aunts and cousins. Two cousins also gave their lives for their country, Marine Sgt. Francis E. Waldo, July 26, 1944, on Guam and Robert C. Waldo, March 9, 1945, in Germany.

Beneath his portrait on the programs used for his memorial service, the following was printed:

We know not why some days are fair,  
Why some are filled with grief and care;  
We know not why but, trusting still,  
We only know, it is God's will.

The following are four articles written by Duane as part of his English course during his freshman and final year at Kalamazoo College:

Duane R. Waldo  
December 4, 1942

#### A COLLEGE FRESHMAN FACES WAR

John is in his senior year in high school. He will soon be eighteen. He has taken an academic course, looking toward the day when he can become a chemical engineer. For years he and his parents have been saving so that he might get all of that



college training he needs to realize his goal.

Comes the war. The leaders of the country say that John's job in the conflict is to continue his education, and the older men will be called.

So John enters college. During his freshman year, the army tells the leaders they were wrong. The war must be won by the youth eighteen and nineteen years of age. So a law is passed saying that all boys out of high school are subject to immediate call. John begins to wonder.

Then the army comes to John's school and tells him that it wants him to continue his education, and offers him a reserve which he can join and still remain in school. Now John is confused.

One day the Secretary of War says that boys in this reserve will be called. Two days later this same man says they will not be called. This last bewilders John all the more.

For years John has had a definite idea of what he wanted to do in life. Now he finds that other men have the power to alter or entirely change his plan. John doesn't mind this if he can help keep alive those freedoms for which his country stands. If John had been told when he finished high school, that the best way to help was immediately to enter the service, he would gladly have postponed his



college studies and his career a few years.

But he was told that he wasn't needed. Later he was told that he was needed. Next he was told that he wasn't needed at that time.

Now if John joins the reserve, will he be able to keep at his education for four years, or will the army change its mind again and call him, perhaps next spring?

John is not just one boy but thousands of boys. The way the selective service is set up, only those boys who are physically unable to fight will be able to continue in college. However, when the boys asked before they entered college, they were told they weren't needed in a fighting capacity.

Naturally, one can't predict with any surety the progress of the war. But from the very first it has promised to be a long drawn out affair. When the army finally asked for the drafting of eighteen-year-olds, the word "inevitable" was often used, that eighteen-year-olds had always been called in every previous war and would have to be called in this one.

And is the drafting of all the young manpower of the country a wise thing? Of course, it has been stated that our immediate purpose is to win the war. Everything else must wait, for nothing else will be



of any value if the war is lost. But what will happen if we win the war and have not trained men to win the peace?

John and his colleagues, contrary to many people's opinion, have learned to think even at their young age. And now the people who are supposed to be doing his thinking for him seem to be doing a rather sketchy job of it. John, thousands of students, and I are completely baffled.

Duane R. Waldo  
April 9, 1943

#### FRESHMAN CLASS: 1943

It is the year 1967; the place, an elementary schoolroom. A history class is having a recitation. In the course of the lesson the teacher asks, "Did anything important happen in the year 1943"? Silence from the class. Since no one seems to know anything in particular which should be remembered, there are no volunteers. "Susie, don't you know anything about 1943"? she asks a twelve-year-old who seems to have been thinking hard.

"Wel-l-l," Susie replies slowly, "It was the second year of World War II, and I suppose there were some battles, but I can't think of anything else--". And her voice trails off to nothing.



To us 1917 was the year our country entered World War I, but that is about all. Oh yeah! Ask our dads about that. To them 1917 was the year that many dreams were shattered and new ones were made.

So it will be with us. Although our children may look upon 1943 as just another year, just another page or less of history, we, who are now freshmen, will remember it as one of the most, if not the most, significant milestones of our lives.

For from 1924, the year in which most of us were born, to 1942 most of us lived a rather routine existence under the watchful eye of papa and mama. There had been little bits of excitement here and there that had marked definite changes in our lives.

In 1929 we entered kindergarten. We left mama for a while each day and became acquainted with other boys and girls. We began to climb the long road to education. From  $1+1=2$  to  $\frac{\tan A + \tan B}{1 - \tan A \tan B}$  took a long twelve years. From "See Dick. See Dick run" to "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres" also required much labor, but we made it and liked it well enough to try another flight of steps at Kalamazoo.

Between 1930 and 1933 something else happened that caused a change in the lives of many of us.



As eight-year-olds we didn't notice much difference. But we weren't getting new toys any more. Even Christmas seemed barren. And some of us began to walk instead of ride when we wanted to go some where. Although we knew nothing about the stock markets, mortgages, or economics, the great depression left a great mark on us.

In the years that followed, various other changes in our routine came along. Some moved to new neighborhoods or new cities, with all its changes in school, church, and friends. As we became older we began to have certain outside interests. Extra-curricular activities they were called; dramatics, forensics, sports, music, newspapers, and girls. They all had their effect. And at sometime in our lives most of us have made some trip or other which seemed to do something to us: a camp, a Boys' or a Girls' State, or some large city.

Finally came that day in February or June, 1942, when we marched across a platform and received a roll: the diploma, showing that we had completed the standard education of grammar and high school at public expense. From now on we were on our own. Following a summer of hard work for most of us, we appeared at Kalamazoo College for another four years



of education.

But on October 19, 1942, five men visited our campus. It wouldn't seem as if the appearance of five men could affect our lives much. But these men, representing army, army air corps, navy, naval aviation, and marines, told us that the only way we could stay in school was to join their programs. So thirty-eight of us freshmen did. The rest remained at the mercy of their draft boards.

All our decisions up to this time were slight and practically inconsequential. Oh, perhaps we had planned our lives, our vocations, but so what! Comes 1943. You're going to be teacher? No! You're going to be a soldier.

As we enter upon the year 1943, the army and navy gave notice that they were going to begin calling up their reserves. In February nine of our class left for duty with the air corps; in March two freshmen were called with the enlisted reserve corps.

Is 1943 going to mean more to us than to a child in 1967? You bet it is! '43 will be the year that every able-bodied man in our class will don a uniform - army, navy, or marine. All thought of being a doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief will be postponed. The class of '46 will be spread all over the world. And the '46 will be meaningless, for



many of us will never be back at Kalamazoo College again. Some of us will lose our lives. Others will go right into business without further education. Still others will attend other colleges. After this war the boy who wanted to be a journalist will be an airplane mechanic; the pre-law student will find himself far from law.

Yes, 1943 will be a more significant date in our lives than any so far. Till our eighteenth birthday we were children, attending public schools, and following the guidance of father and mother. Now, after this date and our graduation from high school, we are considered men in the eyes of the people, if not in the eyes of the law. As men we are putting away childish things.

For in this year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred forty-three, we, the men of the freshman class, postpone our inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness until such time as our right to these essentials is free from any threat of abolishment.

Duane R. Waldo

March 12, 1943

FRESHMAN TO NO. 16089021

How suddenly the whole course of one's life may be changed. Sometimes one can see the change when



it happens, often not. Rarely though can one immediately see the full import of the change.

On December 8, 1941, the United States Congress declared that a state of war existed between Japan and this country. The afternoon before, I was at a "Messiah" rehearsal when the Pearl Harbor attack was announced. Neither this nor the speech given to Congress by the President, which I heard over the public address system of our high school stage, move me much. I was a senior in high school, seventeen years old, beginning to plan for a college education. We were at war. I knew that, but so what! It didn't mean much to me.

On December 8, 1942, exactly one year later, I was ordered to take a physical examination for entrance in the Army of the United States. Voluntary enlistment into the armed forces was closed, and those who had applied were being rushed through.

At 1:30 P. M. I reported at the office of Dr. Thomas Van Urk for my physical. In the hour, previous, I had eaten and drunk all I could hold. However, the celebrated army examiner was not around. Old Doc just made a routine check-up. Afterwards I took the blanks to the post office, and had them typed by a young lieutenant with a southern



drawl.

The other applicants and I came back at 8 o'clock the next morning for the big event. We were marched down to the armory and there we sat all morning. The only interruption from the sitting came when I signed nearly a dozen sets of papers and books.

At noon, we had a free meal at Mrs. Cupp's Restaurant. It was good and I had plenty to eat. When we got back to the armory we sat some more. At 3 o'clock our fingerprints were taken.

Finally the twelve of us lined up before Captain Russell Lamoreux. "I, Duane Ralph Waldo, do solemnly swear or affirm that ---". Duane Waldo, college student, was now Pvt. Duane Ralph Waldo, Army Unassigned, No. 16089021ERC.

Shortly after I enlisted, the announcement was made that enlisted reservists were to be called up. As I wait for my call, I am just beginning to see how suddenly one's whole life may be changed. And I am just beginning. As Major Bowes says, "Round and round she goes, and where she stops nobody knows!"

Duane R. Waldo  
May 19, 1943

RELEASE

"By direction of the President . . . following . . . active duty . . . 15 June, 1943 . . . Fort



Custer, Michigan . . .

RANK, NAME AND ASN

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Pvt. DUANE R. WALDO, 16088628

...      ...      ..."

This morning, May 19, 1943, it came. The long wait was ended.

It was December 9, 1942, that I took the oath of the Army of the United States. Even then it was pretty well assured that we wouldn't finish college. About the last of December the notice came through that the ERC was to be called up.

Then began a "war of nerves." Shortly after this press notice the news from the military adviser was that army reservists would be called up two weeks after the close of the fall semester, about the thirteenth of February. After much thought and discussion all of the reservists decided to remain in school for the "two weeks" of the second semester. But since we were going right away and wouldn't be getting any credits, little work was done. About three or four weeks later we began to get anxious. No word had come.

"Doc told me that he heard from another guy that our letters should come Tuesday." Tuesday, no



letter! Reservists took in every rumor and did the least possible schoolwork they could and still get by.

Finally, or so we thought, in the middle of March, Dr. Humber read the boys a letter stating that "All non-deferred students of the Enlisted Reserve Corps" were to be called to duty effective March 29. However, the slight relief that we experienced was short lived, for a few days later the order came minus the names of twelve of us, and we found we were the ones in the "deferred status" of the previous notice not to be called till (?). And so we waited, trying to catch up on some of the work which we had let go. The deadline for that research paper that we didn't have to write caught up with us.

It is rather hard to explain the effect this waiting and suspense had on us. A psychologist or psychiatrist might explain it with some technical definitions, but it would still remain a mystery to one who hasn't felt it. When we first enlisted, our main thought was to postpone military service until we had finished at least one year of college work. But in the suspense of waiting the feeling was reversed. By March we were ready to give almost anything to be called right away. When the first



order came and twelve of us were left out, a more indignant bunch couldn't have been found. Later, finding that we were "probably" deferred because of our "alleged" science majors, we became more resigned to the fate of staying in school but still hoped for that order.

Then this morning, in "History 42," it came. A girl came into the room and spoke with Dr. Dunbar. "Mr. Beebe, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Waldo, Mr. Yonker are wanted outside the room." That combination of names could mean only one thing: the E R C. All four of us jumped up, smiling and joking. Something had broken. We had to wait till later to find out what it was, and when Dr. Cornell handed each of us our list of orders, a happier, more relieved bunch could not have been found.

This was our release. The question of when? when? when? Which had pounded through our heads for five months was gone. Surely, there are still many questions left unanswered. What branch will we be put in? Will we get in the specialized training program? And lots of others. But the big question has been solved. Now we can take our exams and rest up for two weeks with a carefree mind.



Francis Ernest Waldo



F R A N C I S   E R N E S T   W A L D O

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Francis Ernest Waldo was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, February 12, 1920, son of George D. Waldo, who was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, December 25, 1894, and Lillian H. Miller Waldo, who was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, September 23, 1895. Mr. and Mrs. George Waldo were married in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and since then have resided in Kalamazoo county.

They are also the parents of:

Florence Helen, who married Ray W. Slater and they became the parents of Ray William, Jr., a pair of twins, Gayle Janice and Carole Janet, and Boyd Lynn, and reside in Kalamazoo, Michigan;

George L., who married May Wilkinson and they became the parents of George D., Patricia Kay and Jeanne Marie and live in Kalamazoo, Michigan, at this time, 1944;

Robert Owen, Private First Class stationed at Camp Pickett, Virginia;

James A., Private at Scott Field, Illinois, in Radio Division; and

Mildred Jean, who resides with her parents.

Francis attended the old Lake Street, Woodward Avenue and West Main Street Schools in Kalamazoo until the family moved to Comstock, Michigan, when he

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concerned in and by their several efforts,  
which it appears to me, were considerable, and for  
the most part, successful, without regard to the fact  
of their own personal, or political, or social  
status. The result, however, was that  
political influences of all kinds were used to  
attain positions of authority over many public  
offices among which were those

the heads of the various state departments  
and to influence and control public  
policy, either openly, or, as to many, in  
silence, like, and from the same sources  
political, personal, and financial.

Under the circumstances, and bearing in mind  
the nature of the office and mission  
and the great number of men who  
had been appointed, it is difficult

to speak of any single cause, or group of causes,  
as being the cause of the failure.

It is evident, however, that the cause  
was, probably, a combination of all three.

However, there were causes, or, rather, influences,  
which were instrumental in causing the failure.

1. The political influence of the various  
parties, and the personal influence of  
the various individuals, both of whom  
were instrumental in causing the failure.

entered the Comstock School and was graduated from the high school in 1938. During the summer vacations he worked to get money to help with his expenses. Later he enrolled in the Citizens Conservation Camps and was sent to Gays, Wisconsin, where he remained for a year and then came home and took post graduate work at Comstock for one year. He then entered Western Michigan College of Education and remained for a short time, leaving to go to work at various occupations until he was employed by the Western Electric Company. He was transferred for a time to the main plant in Detroit, Michigan, and then returned to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and remained with the company until he enlisted in the Marine Corps December 29, 1941, and was sent for boot training to Parris Island, South Carolina. He was then sent to Washington, D. C., where he did guard duty at the Washington Navy Yard.

July 16, 1942, Francis was promoted to Corporal. He was next sent to Patuxent River, Maryland, and advanced to Sergeant about six months later. He then went to New River, North Carolina, for special training and then to point of embarkation, San Diego, California, in August 1943. In September he was shipped overseas to New Caledonia.

In a letter to his home in late December 1943



he mentioned being on Empress Augusta at Bougainville. Later he was stationed at Guadalcanal. From there his movements were shrouded in secrecy. Letters came from him in May 1944 and three written July 5th, 7th and 8th.

Later word came from the government that Sgt. Francis Ernest Waldo died July 26, 1944, from wounds received in the attack on Guam Island in the Marianas.

#### Boyhood Recreations

Frank Waldo was a fine athlete. He was an expert swimmer and was captain of the Comstock High School foot ball team for two years, nearly always leading the team to victory. He also was a good boxer and won the Golden Gloves Championship in 1936 and brought home the trophy. While senior in the Comstock High School he won the cup for being the senior scoring the most honor points.

Frank's record in base ball was outstanding. While stationed at Washington, District of Columbia, he pitched for the Washington Navy Yard Marine base ball team which won the championship in the Washington Government base ball league. The winning of that championship was credited largely to the stellar pitching of Corporal Francis Waldo, who won every game he pitched.



### Personal Characteristics

Frank Waldo was six feet one inch tall and weighed about one hundred eighty-five pounds and had brown hair and hazel eyes. He was a popular young man both in school and out and with both children and adults. He was affable and had a winning smile. He found life good to live, interesting and inviting. He liked adventure and travel, but he was the kind of boy to whom home was especially attractive. He planned to come home, but those plans were unfulfilled.

Francis Ernest Waldo was a choice young man, who, because of conditions not of his making, participated in the Second World War and laid down his life for his fellow men. His name adds luster to the radiant list of Kalamazoo men who have given their lives for freedom.

The following is a copy of a letter from L. W. Carmichael, Major, U. S. Marine Corps, Officer in Charge:

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Waldo:

The Commandant of the United States Marine Corps has directed me to present to you the Silver Star Medal awarded to your son, the late Sergeant Francis E. Waldo, USMC.

It is respectfully requested that you inform the undersigned at the earliest possible date as to your wishes regarding the presentation of this Medal - whether you desire the Silver Star presented with appropriate ceremonies or informally.



The Silver Star Medal was awarded your son "For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity as Platoon Sergeant serving with the Third Battalion, Third Marines, Third Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces in the Fonte River Sector, Guam, Marianas Islands, on 25 July, 1944 -"

Very truly yours



Robert Owen Waldo



R O B E R T   O W E N   W A L D O

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Robert Owen Waldo was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, May 28, 1924, a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Waldo. He attended West Main Street School in Kalamazoo, Michigan, until his parents moved to Comstock, Michigan, where he entered the third grade of the public schools and was graduated from the High School in June, 1943.

Military Experience

Robert was inducted into the Army June 9, 1943, and after seventeen weeks of Infantry basic training at Fort McClellan, Alabama, he passed the examination for the Air Corps and was sent to Miami Beach, Florida, for classification. From there he went to the University of Buffalo for his college training after which he was returned to the Infantry. He was then sent to Camp Pickett, Virginia, for his overseas training and was shipped to England in October 1944. His next destination was Belgium and from there he went into Germany, where he engaged in combat and was instantly killed on March 9, 1945.



### Personal Characteristics

Robert was six feet four inches tall and weighed about one hundred ninety pounds, with brown hair and blue eyes. He made a hobby of music and played the guitar and sang. He also played the bass horn and was a member of the school band from the time he was in the seventh grade until he was graduated.

Robert also enjoyed all kinds of sports and engaged in foot ball, base ball and basket ball. He was a good swimmer and greatly enjoyed the out-of-doors.

When he met his death he was with the 78th Lightning division of the First Army. He had been awarded the combat infantryman's badge for special detail duty and was also awarded the Purple Heart.

On February 15, 1945, he wrote the following to his grandmother:

Dear Gram -

I have been getting letters pretty regular from you and I feel pretty bad about not writing but you know how it is. I am lucky that I am able to write now. A man's luck won't hold out forever either. I am getting more disgusted every day. Oh well, life is like that I guess.

I'm feeling fine and I hope this letter finds you the same. I'm sure it will.

Life is a constant prayer now, Gram. I pray all the time like I never thought I would pray in my life, and when I get home I am sure I am going to be a different person. A fellow doesn't really know how much God means until he gets in a spot where only God can pull him through. I think many men will be changed for



the better when they come home.

I was sure sorry to hear about Duane. When a kid as good as he was gets killed, I don't see how I have a chance of pulling out safe. I've heard that God works in strange ways. I hope he allows me to come home and prove to Him how much he means to me. I think He will. I've put all my faith and trust in Him, Gram, so don't worry on that point.

Well, I guess I'll sign off now. I have a rifle to clean, I may need it tomorrow. See you pretty soon, I hope.

Your loving grandson

Bob

The following is a copy of a letter from  
C. M. Willingham, Colonel, Infantry Commanding:

My dear Mrs. Waldo:

You have, undoubtedly, been informed of the death of your son, Private First Class Robert O. Waldo, 36858550. I am writing to you in the hope that a word from me, his Regimental Commander, will bring you some consolation in your bereavement.

Your son was killed in action on the morning of March 9, 1945, during an attack on enemy positions in Germany in which his company was engaged. He was instantly killed.

Robert was a member of my command for about ten months. During that time his conduct was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Army. His excellent traits of character set a good example for the men of his organization. He was a man who wasn't satisfied with just the best; he wanted to do better regardless of how well he did his job. Recently Robert was awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge for exemplary conduct in action against the enemy. He was very devoted and loyal to his organization and strived to make it the best in the Army.

Private First Class Waldo's close friends and the entire regiment realize that your loss is also our loss. With Robert's passing we



have lost a true friend, a loyal American, and a fine soldier. To express my sympathy at this time is small consolation, but please realize its sincerity.

Very sincerely yours,

Memorial services were held in the Comstock Methodist Church under the auspices of the Disabled American War Veterans with the Reverend George A. Osborne giving the memorial address. Mrs. Delores Combs Heystek, vocalist, sang and was accompanied by Miss Grace Winterburn.



Donald Hue Wall



D O N A L D   H U E   W A L L

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Donald Hue Wall was born in Herrin, Illinois, February 7, 1921, son of Edward and Eula Armstrong Wall of Irish descent. He had one sister, Evelyn June, who resides with her parents.

Donald attended school in Herrin, Illinois, and moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, at the age of twenty. For a time he was employed driving a truck and for one year he worked at Willow Run.

September 21, 1941, he was married to Edith Rushing, daughter of Arthur and May Burchell Rushing of Scotch descent. Arthur Rushing is deceased at the time of this writing in 1945. Edith was born in Marion, Illinois. At the age of seventeen she left for Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Edith Rushing had the following brothers and sisters:

Eugene, in the Army in Hawaii;

Harley, in a munitions plant in Marion, Ill.;

Lawrence, in the Navy in the South Pacific;

Ernest, in the Navy at San Francisco;

Herbert, with the Navy in Texas;

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13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21.

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SENATE, WHICH ALL THAT DAY HAD BEEN  
CONSIDERED, AND HAD BEEN REFERRED TO THE COMMITTEE, IT WAS UNANIMOUSLY  
RESOLVED, THAT IN THIS BILL, THAT THE PROVISIONS RELATING TO THE  
ESTATE, THAT SHALL BE LEFT IN THE hands OF THE  
PEOPLE, SHOULD BE AMENDED AS FOLLOWS:

IN SECTION ONE, PARAGRAPH ONE, WHICH READS AS FOLLOWS:

"THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES DO HEREBY ESTABLISH A  
PERMANENT GOVERNMENT, FOR THE PEOPLES HEREIN UNITE'D,  
IN WHICH ALL THEIR POWER SHALL BE DERIVED FROM THEMSELVES,  
AND EXERCISED THROUGH THEMSELVES; AND THAT NO PERSON  
OR PERSONS, NOR PERSONS, NOR PERSONS, NOR PERSONS,  
SHALL, AT ANY TIME, EXERCISE ANY POWER, OR RIGHT, OR  
PRIVILEGE, WHICH BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE, EXCEPT  
THAT WHICH THEY MAY BY THEIR OWN CONSENT, OR BY  
THEIR OWN AUTHORITY, OR BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE  
PEOPLES, OR BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE PEOPLES,

AMENDMENT

IT IS RESOLVED, THAT THE PROVISION  
IN SECTION ONE, WHICH READS AS FOLLOWS:

"THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES DO HEREBY ESTABLISH A  
PERMANENT GOVERNMENT, FOR THE PEOPLES HEREIN UNITE'D,  
IN WHICH ALL THEIR POWER SHALL BE DERIVED FROM THEMSELVES,  
AND EXERCISED THROUGH THEMSELVES; AND THAT NO PERSON  
OR PERSONS, NOR PERSONS, NOR PERSONS, NOR PERSONS,  
SHALL, AT ANY TIME, EXERCISE ANY POWER, OR RIGHT, OR  
PRIVILEGE, WHICH BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE, EXCEPT  
THAT WHICH THEY MAY BY THEIR OWN CONSENT, OR BY  
THEIR OWN AUTHORITY, OR BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE  
PEOPLES, OR BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE PEOPLES,

Ruth, who married Everitt Winters and they became the parents of one child and reside in Marion, Illinois;

Zona, who married Lester Barwick (deceased) and became the mother of nine children and resides in Marion, Illinois; and

Wilma, who married Woodrow Wilson South and they became the parents of two children and reside in Marion, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hue Wall became the parents of Phyllis Lee, born [redacted], and Donald Douglas, born [redacted].

Mr. and Mrs. Wall began housekeeping in Herrin, Illinois, where they resided for eight months and then moved to Chicago, Illinois, and stayed two months. They then moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and resided at 523 West Vine street.

#### Military Experience

Donald Hue Wall was inducted into the Armed Service of the United States April 1st, 1944, and on April 12, 1944, left for the Great Lakes Training Station. After six weeks there he returned to Kalamazoo for a seven day furlough and was then sent to San Francisco, California. After two weeks he was shipped to Hawaii and three weeks later went to the Phillipine Islands as a gunner and second class seaman. While there he was wounded and died on the way to a hospital December 12, 1944.



At that time he was serving on a Destroyer.

Personal Characteristics

Donald Hue Wall was five feet ten inches tall and weighed about one hundred seventy pounds. He had blonde hair and blue eyes. He was good at boxing and engaged in Golden Gloves contests.

He was a Republican in politics, was quiet in manner, mechanically minded and was fond of his home and family.

Donald made many friends and was held in high regard by all who knew him.

His name is added to the roll of honor of the fine young men from Kalamazoo who gave their lives to preserve freedom on the earth. His and their names and the records which they made will be preserved to inspire those who come after them that the heritage which they preserved shall be guarded and maintained.







B. D. Walker M.D.

B U R T   D E X T E R   W A L K E R   M   D

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Burt Dexter Walker was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, September 21, 1872, the second child of Richard Dexter Walker and Elizabeth Bell. His father, familiarly known as "Deck" Walker, was born in Canada, in 1828 and came to Kalamazoo in 1849. He established the old Walker homestead on Douglas Avenue not far from the site of his brick yards where he manufactured brick used in many Kalamazoo homes and buildings, and managed farm and property interests. Elizabeth Bell, the mother of Burt Dexter Walker, was born in Canada in the year 1847, of Scotch parents and came to Kalamazoo following the war of 1863. She was an active worker in the First Baptist Church of Kalamazoo, a constant student of the Bible, and following the example of Christ, carried His teachings into the homes of those who were reached by personal visits only, where she was welcomed and accorded cooperation.

Burt Walker's childhood was spent in and around Kalamazoo, where he regularly attended the Baptist Sunday School, and passed through the grades



of the public schools. He entered the University of Michigan for premedical and medical studies, and received his degree in Medicine in 1894. At the University he was a member of Mu Sigma Alpha Medical Fraternity which later became a chapter of Theta Kappa Pi.

After three years of Post Graduate Internship at Ann Arbor and New York City, he entered the General Practice of Medicine in New York City, becoming a member of the Clinical Club and a member of the Medical Board of Metropolitan Hospital, continuing active in both for nine years. At that time, due to failing health, he resigned in order to return to Kalamazoo. In that metropolitan area he had gained an unusually varied medical experience which served him well in the long and successful practice of his profession in Kalamazoo.

Dr. Walker's first wife, Lillian M. Soll of New York City, bore three daughters: Elizabeth Myrtie Rasmussen of Seattle, Washington; Lillian Isabel Schoch of Three Rivers, Michigan; and Beatrice Caroline Kinsel of Kalamazoo, Michigan. She died in May, 1904. His second wife, Florence Marion Read of New York City, bore him a fourth daughter, Florence Alida (Dolly) Brenner of Lansing,

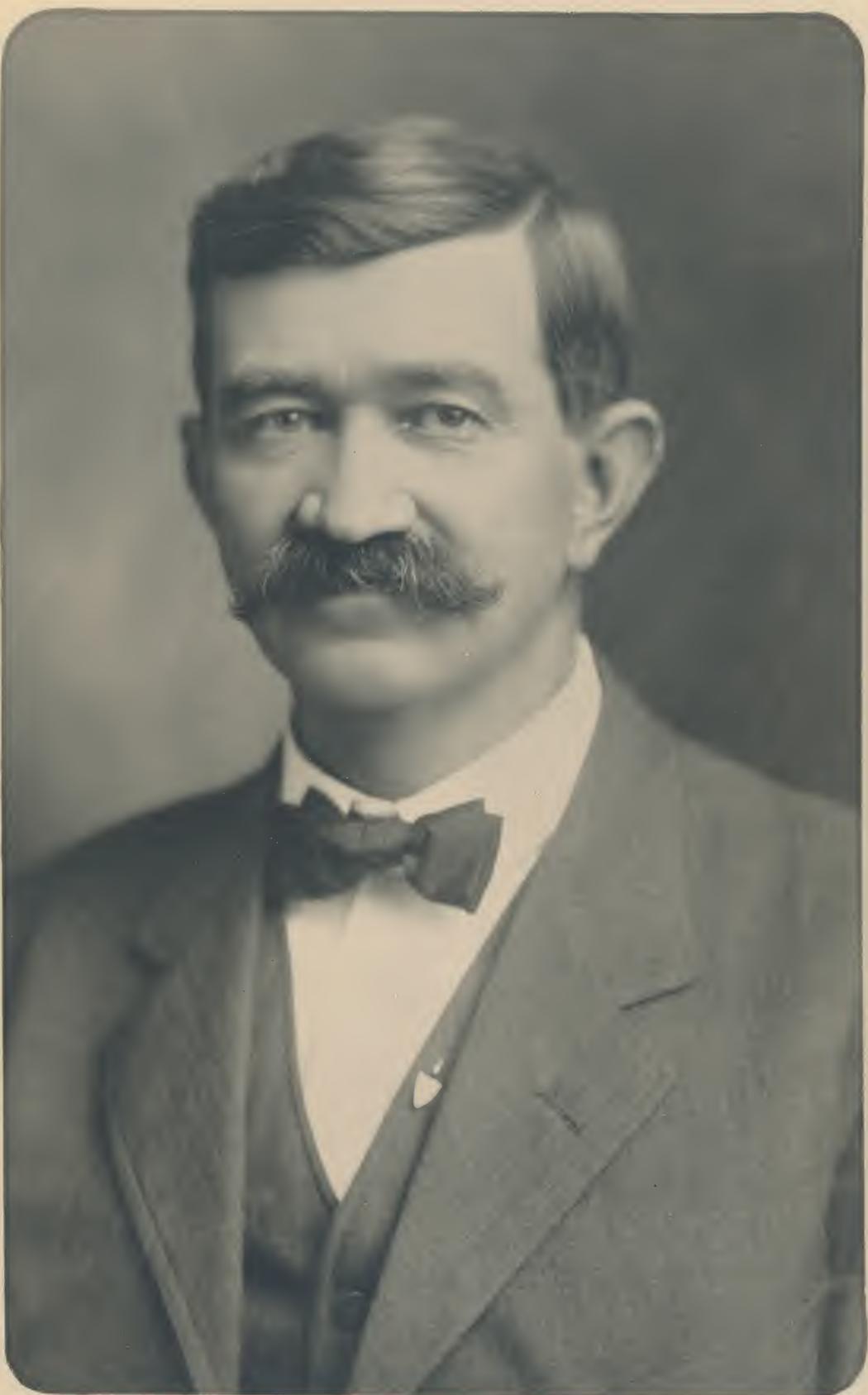


Michigan.

Some years later, he transferred his church membership to the Saint Luke's Episcopal Church of which his wife and daughters were members, and although he could not attend services regularly, he maintained a profound interest in the work of that church.

His General Practice of Medicine afforded a rich field for exercising the qualities of his heritage and the precepts of his early training. The foregoing was written in 1941.





Cyrus A. Walker

C Y R U S   A L E X A N D E R   W A L K E R.

Cyrus Alexander Walker was born in Cooper, Michigan, January 2, 1859, the son of The Honorable John Walker and Octavia Cunningham Walker and spent his entire life on the farm which had been in the family since 1837. Mr. Walker passed away with a heart ailment May 5, 1935 in the house in which he was born. He was reared in a home by parents who felt character an essential to a well lived life, so was trained in honesty, integrity and industry. He received his education in the rural school then took a business course at Parson's Business College. At the death of his father he assumed the duties of the farm although not yet of age and with the mother and sister kept a happy and well ordered home where everyone found a cordial welcome.

In 1893 Cyrus Walker was united in marriage to Lydia Orel Earl, daughter of Sandford and Elizabeth Layton Earle~~and~~. To this union two sons were born, John Earl Walker, an attorney at law in Washington, D. C., and Leon Otis Walker, who resides on the farm.

Mr. Walker had a quiet retiring nature, a keen sense of observation, a well balanced mind in matters of importance. He was fair and honest in his dealings with men, faithful in service, sympathetic



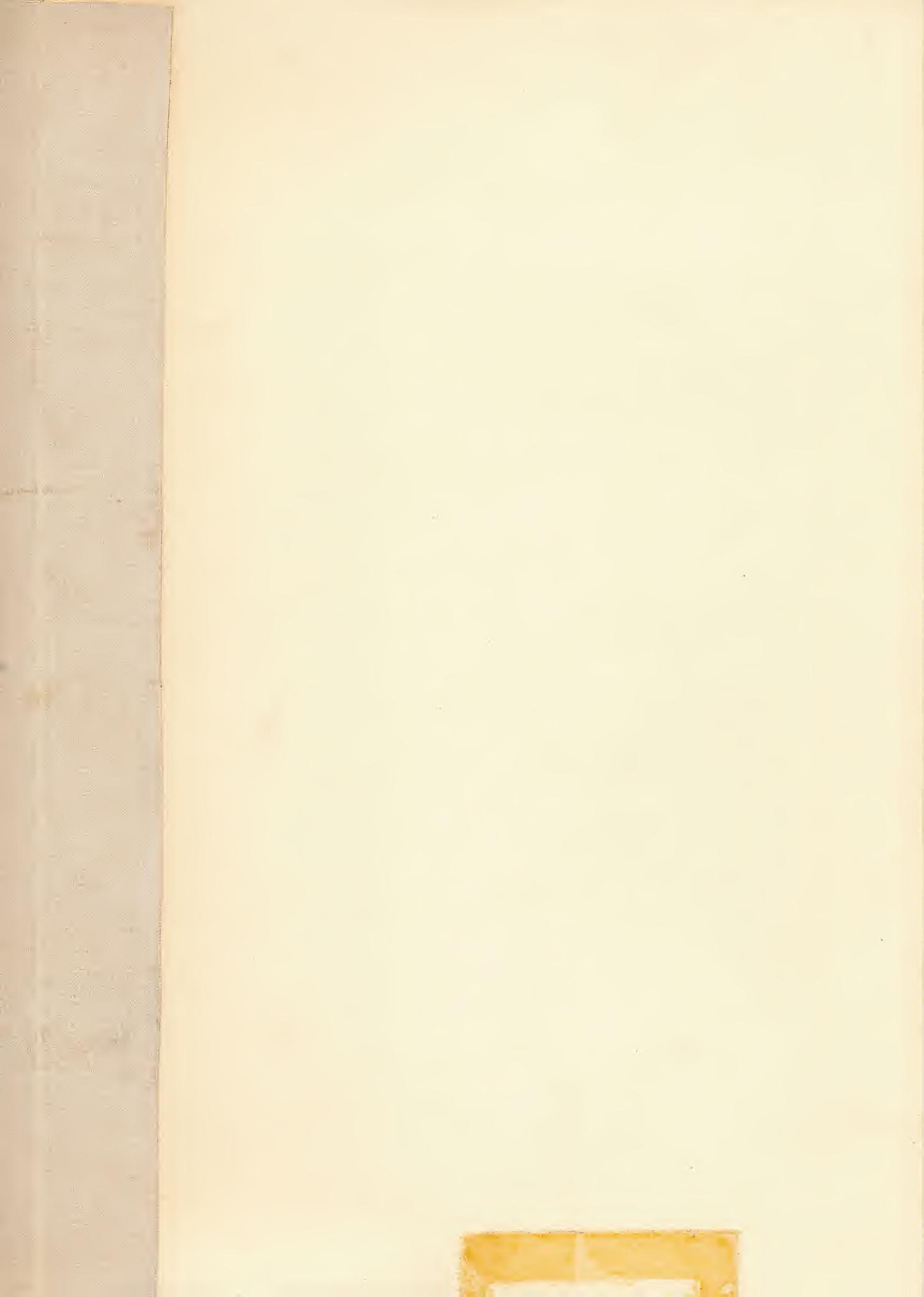
and helpful where need was apparent and a friend to all.

Soon after casting his first ballot, Mr. Walker began serving the public. His first official office being that of school inspector, and down through the years has been honored by his friends and admirers in being elected to many offices. Just a few weeks before his death he declined nomination for supervisor after filling the office for thirty years. He represented his district two terms in the State Legislature and served on several important committees and in many other ways served his township and county.

At the time of his death Mr. Walker was Secretary of the Kalamazoo Pioneer Society, a life member of the Masonic Order, having been an active member of that order for thirty years. He was a life long member of the Congregational Church. Since his demise the Church held a beautiful memorial service at which Dr. Ernest Burnham, Western State Teachers College, gave a fine and fitting tribute.

(The above was written in 1935)







Mrs Cyrus Walker, Lydia Earl Walker

L Y D I A   E A R L   W A L K E R

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The record of Lydia Earl Walker from the day of her birth, September 24, 1859, until her passing on November 27, 1941, is closely connected with the little town of Cooper, her whole life being spent in this rural community.

Her parents, Sanford D. Earl and Elizabeth Jane Layton Earl, when they left "York State" for Michigan shortly after their marriage in 1855, were not pioneers in the sense that they entered a wilderness but were none the less pioneers since they came to make their home in a region only partially settled. They had been preceded by Sanford's uncle, Barney Earl, who was one of the earliest settlers west of the river in Cooper township, having arrived sometime previous to 1834, and who contributed much to the development of the little community.

Lydia was the second of six children born to Sanford and Elizabeth. She and her elder brother were both born in the Ami Allen house near the cross roads of Cooper Center; the other children were born on the little farm home-stead on West Street.



Lydia spent her childhood and girlhood days there, her sunny disposition and eager helpfulness lightening the cares and work of her mother, who after the loss of her husband, continued to carry on courageously the work of the farm and the guidance of her boys and girls, as well as to extend a helping hand to any neighbor. The many duties and tasks that fell to the lot of Lydia since she was the oldest of the girls, were met unquestioningly in the high spirit of a challenge to greater effort. This was characteristic of the family, each giving his best for the good of the whole, thus developing qualities of thoughtfulness, earnestness, dependability and cheerful helpfulness. The regular routine of home work was, however, enlivened by the occasional wholesome and simple amusements of that day. Sometimes they joined with friends, more often they just gathered around the organ in their own home to sing together or spent delightful hours reading.

Sweet and wholesome as the clover in the fields about her home, Lydia developed into a capable and beautiful girl and became the wife of Cyrus A. Walker whose home she graced until the close of her life. The spacious Walker home, always a center of



hospitality, had open doors for all friends and also for anyone needing help. In this busy happy household her days were filled to overflowing with domestic duties and the care of her two sons, John and Leon, so dear to her and her husband. In addition to this she took an active part in the life about her - the various neighborhood gatherings, the needs of some lonely or neglected one. And with it all she gave herself whole-heartedly in service to the Congregational Church. Missionary work had a special appeal for her, answering as it did the quiet wish of her heart that all should hear the "Good Tidings". Her worn Bible always at hand on her table gave silent testimony to her faith in its great teachings which flowered forth through her in kindly deeds and a natural inner dignity and serenity.



Frederick Arthur Walker



Love to  
my wife -  
John

F R E D E R I C K   A R T H U R   W A L K E R

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Second Lieutenant Frederick Arthur Walker was killed in action while engaged in an operational flight against the enemy when his plane crashed in Northern Italy February 11, 1945. He was a pilot on a P-38 in the 154th Reconnaissance Squadron.

Graveside services were conducted by Chaplain John A. Burgess, of the 79th Fighter Group, and the body was buried in a wooden casket in the United States Military Cemetery, Senigallia, Italy, Plot A, Row 1, Grave 8. This cemetery is located approximately sixteen miles northwest of Ancona, Italy.

Birth and Education

Frederick Arthur Walker was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, April 15, 1921, son of Mrs. Dorothea Walker, who now, in 1946, resides at 421 Potter street in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Frederick attended Vine Street and Central High Schools in Kalamazoo until within six months of graduation from the latter, when he found employment with Mr. Weirsma, a sign painter, for about one year.



Then for about one year Frederick went on the road as a professional roller skater. Miss Winifred Barnes was his skating partner and they gave exhibitions of roller skating until he enlisted as a cadet in the Air Force in August 1942, in Chicago, Illinois. For training he went first to San Antonio, Texas, then to Cuero, Texas, later to Waco, Texas, and finally to Moore Field at Mission, Texas, and received his commission February 8, 1944. He spent a fifteen day furlough in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and left for overseas the last of October 1944, and landed in Italy.

#### Marriage

September 28, 1943, Frederick Arthur Walker was married to Winifred Bernice Barnes, who was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, daughter of Robert and Bernice Ash Barnes, of French and English descent. She was graduated from Central High School in Kalamazoo in January, 1942. They became the parents of Frederick Arthur II, born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, April 26, 1945.

#### Excerpts From Letters

Lieutenant Roy T. Fortner wrote:

"He flew his first mission with me, after that time we flew together regularly. The kind of work we do requires us to go out in all kinds of weather. The morning he crashed he and I took off before daylight. We made it to our target ok, but after starting back we ran into



very rough weather and became separated from each other. We still held radio contact. Not long after we separated Fred called me and said he had engine trouble. I answered him and told him the conditions ahead of us. He called me back and said he had 'feathered' his bad engine and was ok. Shortly after this he said he was going on instruments. I called him about five minutes later to see if every thing was ok. He said, 'I am in pretty bad trouble.' I called him and said, 'Bail out if it gets too bad.' He failed to answer. After calling him several times with no answer I proceeded my course home. When I reached my home base I found out from the area controller that Fred had crashed in friendly territory.

"A few days after the crash I went up near the area. There I talked with one of the soldiers that found the plane. I learned that Fred was still in the plane when it hit. They were able to identify his body. He was burned, but not beyond recognition.

"Losing Walker was a great blow to the whole squadron. He was so full of life and made everyone around him feel better about every thing. The work he did for the fellows was so much appreciated. He had a talent for painting and drawing, and he helped other people with that talent. Every day you could see him making something new. He made a large backstand for the pictures of each fellow in the squadron, painted names and drew pictures on the planes, painted the prop spinners, and many other things that were very helpful and made life brighter for us. . . . he was a credit to his family and everyone else. It is guys like him that keep things going."

Captain James A. Moore wrote:

"Never will I forget him as a cadet and finally as an officer. As a cadet, his cropped blond hair, blue eyes, and wide grin, not to mention his squeaky shoes, and eternal good humor and devotion to you. When I saw him last as an officer, he was still the same merry Freddie, but he acquired with his commission a new dignity and soberness which made him more mature."



William R. Dinker, Major, Air Corps, Commanding,  
wrote:

"The officers and men of the 154th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron wish to express to you their sympathy and regret on the death of your husband, Second Lieutenant Frederick A. Walker, 0712062, who lost his life while engaging in an operational flight against the enemy.

"We will always remember him as a willing and efficient officer who was anxious to do more than his share of a job. In addition to performing his normal duties in a commendable manner, he found time to build many extra conveniences that contributed to the comfort of all the officers, and he used his artistic talents in numerous ways to help the squadron. We find that we have lost a good and true friend, but find solace in the fact that he made the supreme sacrifice as a soldier for his country."

The following was written by Lieutenant General Barney M. Giles, Deputy Commander, Army Air Forces and Chief of Air Staff:

"I am informed that after graduation at Moore Field he rapidly developed into a pilot of outstanding merit who eagerly accepted responsible assignments and fulfilled them to the complete satisfaction of superior officers. Because of his winning personality and cooperative spirit he was a popular airman in his group, and he will long be remembered by his comrades.

"In behalf of General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General, Army Air Forces, who is temporarily away from Headquarters, I extend my heartfelt sympathy to you and other members of the family".

### **Personal Characteristics**

Frederick Arthur Walker was five feet five and one-half inches tall and weighed about one hundred



thirty-five pounds. He had light brown hair and blue eyes.

He enjoyed automobile riding and archery and swimming. He liked the drums in instrumental musical organizations and the radio and shows afforded him much pleasure.

In politics he was a Republican and his religious affiliation was with St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church in Kalamazoo, Michigan, of which he was a member.

Second Lieutenant Frederick Arthur Walker has been promoted from the army of the United States to the Higher Forces whose victory is assured, not by the weapons which conquer the body but by the weapons which conquer the soul.





Frederick L. Walker

F R E D E R I C K   L   W A L K E R

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Fréderick L. Walker was born March 28, 1862 in Kalamazoo, Michigan, the son of two pioneers of this city, Richard Dexter Walker and Phoebe Ann Wadsworth Walker, whose homestead was located on the Douglas avenue road about one and one-half miles from the city and had been in possession of the family more than sixty years.

The father, Richard Dexter, was born in Euphemia, Ontario, February 16, 1828, and his father, William, was born in 1787 in Dummerston, Vermont, and was a descendant of Revolutionary stock. Richard Dexter Walker came to Kalamazoo from Canada in 1849 and opened up a brick yard and remained in that business most of his life, furnishing brick for many of the buildings in Kalamazoo.

The mother of Frederick L. Walker was born in Allegan County in 1835 and moved with her father to Kalamazoo when a young girl. She was also of Revolutionary heritage and a direct descendant of the Wadsworths of Connecticut and of John Wadsworth, the member of the Connecticut Council whose brother, Captain Joseph Wadsworth, hid the charter in the oak tree in 1686, where the British failed to find it.



and the tree became famous as the "Charter Oak."

Frederick Walker was educated in the schools of Kalamazoo, attending the "Old Union" and graduating from the high school.

After graduation he worked six or seven years for his father in the brick yard. After that he became baggage master at the Michigan Central railway station. This occupation was followed by his going into the paper jobbing business for some time and later he became travelling salesman for the Star Paper Company for about twenty-five years. He then engaged in the investment and security business until his retirement about 1930.

August 12, 1885 Frederick Walker and Laura Evey were married. A son and daughter came to bless their home: Lee Dexter, of Detroit, married Dora Dokey; Allie M. of Kalamazoo.

Mr. Walker attended the Congregational Church. His death occurred February 4, 1936. The funeral was conducted by Reverend A. C. Fowkes of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church.



Jack Clark Walker



S G T .   J A C K   C L A R K   W A L K E R

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Jack Clark Walker was born in Richland, Michigan, July 12, 1922, the son of Goldia L. Adams Walker, who was born October 27, 1894, the daughter of Michael B. and Harriet E. Adams, and Stanley I. Walker, who was born June 6, 1892, the son of George E. and Jennie Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Walker were also the parents of: James Adams Walker, born January 24, 1921; Jane Clover Walker, born September 24, 1923; and John Pershing Walker, born January 13, 1928.

The mother is a registered nurse, working off the Kalamazoo Central Nurses' Registry. The father is a tire-repairman, employed in Grand Rapids, Michigan. James is employed at Willow Run while waiting to see what the draft board does with him. Jane works in the laboratory at Upjohn's. John attends school at Richland.

There were no illustrious ancestors - just salt-of-the-earth, hard working people. A great-uncle, Patrick Adams, served in the Spanish-American War as a physician and gave his life for his country. One



set of grand-parents, at one time, owned a farm which was located where the Sears-Roebuck store is now, in 1943, located in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The Adams family came directly from Ireland, Limerick county, town of Cork. The grandfather Walker was what was known as a bound-boy, being bound out by his parents when he was four years old, to work for another family, and at a very tender age was assuming a man's work.

Jack was born and raised at Richland, Michigan. He attended the Richland school graduating from high school in 1941. He then worked for the Hazen Lumber Company at Richland and later for the Shakespeare Products Company until the time of his enlistment.

He was ever a healthy, happy individual, loving fun, getting the utmost out of life. His ready smile and big brown eyes captivated friends and his natural give and take attitude paved the way to good soldiering later on. His report cards always said Jack could be an A student if he cared to, but Jack was always content to just get a passing grade. Time was too precious, he loved to read and spent many hours reading books when he should have been studying lessons. He may have carried books home, if he thought it advisable, but he was never known to study at home during his school days.



He liked to fish and hunt although he never had a chance to go into either extensively. He liked to swim and being close to Gull Lake he took the accredited Red Cross swimming lessons and received his Junior Life-Saving certificate. He was later very proud to be called upon to serve in that capacity for school picnics etc. He and Jack Hayward teamed together for Life-Saving lessons and were chosen from the Gull Lake group to demonstrate Life-Saving and resuscitation for the annual tournament at Milham Park, the summer of 1936.

Jack was not retiring, neither was he the type to assert himself except in matters pertaining to boys of his own age. He enjoyed a good fist fight, but where superiors were concerned, if he didn't feel justified, he simply found something else to absorb his attention and went merrily on his way. He understood discipline and did not talk back. Being an in-between child he was shifted to one side at home, allowing others to absorb attention, rather than he, and in so doing developed character and self-sufficiency. Had he been less cheerful about it, he would have received more attention and perhaps have been spoiled by it.

The house was never large enough to work or play in. Jack preferred the out-of-doors. If anyone



had a bit of work they wanted done well and quickly, then they tried to get Jack Walker to do it. He waded right into anything that had to be done and got it over with. He made many friends among the adults through his school years, by means of small jobs well done.

He studied piano and drums, drumming in the school band for a time. He loved band music and later was to say that when he heard the army band he could forget the war for about two hours. Apparently he had no definite ambitions, which was well. His greatest hobby was building model airplanes, but sitting still too long was an exertion and so he chose to be on the go, rather than to concentrate too long on one project. He displayed an unswerving devotion to those he loved and to his home.

He enlisted in the army air corps May 25, 1942; was inducted at Kalamazoo, Michigan, and sent to Fort Custer for just a few days; on to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, for about two weeks, and then to Chanute Field, Illinois, for basic training. Surely no soldier ever became adjusted to army life any quicker or more satisfactorily than Jack. He loved it. Kitchen Police didn't mean a thing to him. It was all a part of the army and he was there to get ahead, so he just lived each day to the fullest and



just as they came. His wonderful sense of humor saved many a serious situation from making him discontented. It was his most redeeming feature. Having finished his basic training the last of October he was sent to the Packard Motor Company in Detroit, Michigan, for Specialists' training in company with several of his fellow men. Having passed this phase, he was sent next to Muroc, California, and was responsible for a crew of men enroute. He loved the desert, lonely as it might be, and spent three months there; then on to Kingman, Arizona, and Salt Lake City for brief periods, of Gunnery training, which he had decided to take up. He had wanted all along to become a Gunner and at this time there was talk of the war being over soon and he felt that this training would keep him on this side of the ocean a little longer. He did not want to go overseas.

He completed Gunnery training at Tucson, Arizona, and received his wings May 26, 1943, one year and one day after enlistment. Jack had taken the matter of studying very seriously all along. At the Packard Motor Company, he was the only soldier in the group without some college education, which made it very hard for him to keep up with the others, but he was determined to make the grade and did.



Likewise at Tucson, he found the Gunnery training very strenuous, especially the last week, never having been in the air before. He wrote his Mother, "I got you a sergeant and a pair of wings." Earlier in the game he had written, "I can see you are very proud of your soldier boy and I intend to keep you that way always."

On June 6 he left for Biggs Field, Texas. There they were doing pursuit training flights, six and eight hour missions. He had fourteen hours to put in to finish that phase, when he should have received his rating of T/Sgt. On July 27 the crew went up at 4 P. M. Jack was seen as they took off, smiling, and thumbs-up. At about midnight the plane crashed near Belen, New Mexico, which is in the vicinity of Albuquerque. Three of the nine aboard were found in the wreckage of the plane, the others were scattered over a space of 500 feet on the mesa. The wreckage of the plane was also scattered over an area of 500 feet, which gives us the impression that the plane exploded in the air. It did not burn.

Jack was always a good soldier. The most consoling thought, perhaps, came from Dean G. Coblenz, 2nd Lt., C. M. P. Adjutant, Fort Custer, Michigan. He wrote, "It may be of some consolation to you to know that every soldier's only fear of giving up his



life in this struggle is the fear of hurting someone like you. I hope that you don't grieve too much over your sacrifice to Freedom. May you become strong in the knowledge that you have, through Jack, lived gloriously."

A furlough had been promised him and he was to have been on his way home in just a few days. He had written his Mother fourteen letters in July, each one making it clearer he was homesick and anxious to get home, still not feeling sure he might make it before going overseas. The last letter said, "I do get my furlough!" That letter arrived the morning after the telegram.

Jack attended Sunday school regularly as a small boy with the other children, but during his junior years he manifested no interest in the church. After joining the army, however, his best pal, Don Magliano, a young lawyer from Chicago, being a good Catholic, influenced Jack considerably in the matter of attending church and there is every evidence that Jack received much comfort from that source. It is a tribute to the watchful care and mutual friendship of this pal that I wish to quote from his letters, received after Jack's passing:

"I shall not attempt to write words of consolation because words are inadequate to console you for the great loss you have suffered.



"I am writing for the purpose of continuing our friendship. You and I have been great friends for I came to know you through Jack. He and I are great friends and have been since we first met at Jefferson Barracks. As you no doubt know, he and I lived together at J. B., Chanute Field, Detroit, and Muroc. We separated temporarily when he left for Gunnery school. You can imagine my great joy when we met again at Biggs.

"He and I read many of the clippings you sent him. Through him I soon learned about your greatness. Jack worshipped you - for which I do not blame him. You were his guardian angel - his one great love. Let us place our faith in the Lord for He alone can give us courage to live on."

Again he wrote:

"I am happy to hear I exerted some influence over Jack whom I regarded as a younger brother. There was never a cross word in Jack's vocabulary whenever I would suggest anything which would in the slightest way conflict with his plans or thoughts. We were great buddies; we saw every movie show at the Muroc Post theatre and then we would go to the Post Exchange for a bottle of 'coke'. Our off nights were spent in my hut where we would discuss everything under the sun while writing letters. My stay at Muroc - that desolate desert waste-land - was made more pleasant by my association with Jack.

"Jack was also a leader of men; he was in charge of our party of nine when we left Detroit for the Mojave desert. Jack was loved and respected by all his brothers-in-arms; his untimely passing was a great shock to all of his friends and a great personal loss to me.

"On that last night never to be forgotten, Jack sat at one end of my bed while I sat at the other. His first greeting was 'Hello Slim', his favorite name for me because of my 180 lbs. on a five feet three inch frame, and he handed me his album. Both of us kept albums and he was proud of his because of the many newspaper clippings and bits of poetry sent by you. He mentioned a furlough and also the rumor that his



squadron was to move soon to another field. Several of the boys around asked him about his gunnery school training. He was in a happy mood, the same mood he was in last March when upon his return from a three day pass from Hollywood, I broke the news to him about his being selected for gunnery school. I was the one who filled out his application blanks and saw to it that S 2 (Army Intelligence) approved his application. Jack's visit lasted two hours, with a promise to visit me before he left the field for a new station.

"Jack's untimely death occurred while I was away on a three day pass. Major Scudder was correct when he said he was unable to locate me. I questioned a number of the boys about the condition of Jack's body, none seemed to know. But many saw the clothes Jack wore on his last trip. They say that they (the clothes) were in fine shape, indicating that Jack's body was also in good shape. I sincerely regret that I am unable to give any details because the army will not say anything about the crash. Perhaps it is best that we all think of Jack as the smiling man of 21; the man we all knew and loved so well.

"I had the good fortune to meet all of you through the many snapshots Jack was fond of showing. Jane's picture and that of Eleanor (his sweetheart) were always close to his bed. He said very little about his brothers but his sister Jane and his fine lovable mother were always spoken of reverently.

May God bless and guide you forever.

Your sincere friend,  
Don."

This has been written in memory and in honor of our beloved Jack, who gave the life he loved so much that we might live in freedom and peace, by his "Mom."



H E I S J U S T A W A Y

I cannot say, and I will not say  
That he is dead. He is just away!  
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand  
He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there.  
And you - oh you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return.

Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here  
Think of him still as the same, I say,  
He is not dead - he is just away.

James Whitcomb Riley





John L. Wallace

## JOHN LINCOLN WALLACE

John Lincoln Wallace, son of John A., and Eliza Howe Wallace, was born in Mendon, St. Joseph County, Michigan, on May 20th, 1866. The Wallace family was reported to be descendants of Sir William Wallace of Scotland. John received his early education in the Mendon schools.

When he was eighteen years of age, Mr. Wallace came to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and entered the David McDonald Drug Store for training in pharmacy. Later he was in the employ of William McDonald, and upon the death of the latter, Mr. Wallace purchased the business.

On July 15, 1890, Mr. Wallace was united in marriage to Miss Eulalia M. Wicks. To this marriage two sons were born: Ralph Wicks, and Donald Edward. The family lived at 435 West Cedar street for twenty-one years, later moving to 441 West Cedar.

Mr. Wallace was a member of the Masonic Lodge, and was active in the Y. M. C. A., of which he was for many years, the efficient President. His greatest interest and devotion, however, he gave to the Methodist Episcopal Church of which he was a member. For a number of years he was Treasurer of the First Meth-



odist Episcopal Church of this city. To the work of the Sunday School he also gave untiring service and devotion.

Mr. Wallace was a lover of out-of-doors, and he enjoyed nature to his fullest capacity. To know Mr. Wallace was to be impressed with his broad sympathies, his clear mind, his gentle spirit- for his was not an ostentatious life, but a modest one- his balanced judgment, and his fine Christian brotherliness.

When this good man of God passed away on December 6, 1911, he left a sorrowing church and community. The immediate members of his family, the widow, his two sons, Ralph aged 18, and Donald aged 16, and his three sisters were bereaved of a loving husband, father and brother.

The funeral services were conducted by The Reverend Arba Martin, assisted by Dr. W. M. Puffer, and The Reverend A. M. Gould, the Masonic Lodge conducting services at the grave.





Ralph W. Wallace

## R A L P H   W I C K S   W A L L A C E

Ralph Wicks Wallace, son of John Lincoln and Eulalia Wicks Wallace, was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, October 10th, 1893. He was a graduate of Central High School, and attended Western State Teachers College.

On July 16, 1915, Mr. Wallace was united in marriage to Miss Cornelia Minor. To this marriage were born four children: John, William, Barbara and Donna.

Mr. Wallace was an architect and salesman for the Grand Rapids Show Case Company. For ten years he was in Pennsylvania and New York, where he sold store fixtures for this company, and designed their arrangement in the stores. His last work as a store architect was when he designed the interior of Bloomingdale Bros. Department Store, New York City.

Ralph Wallace was a man of high ideals. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as a boy and young man in Kalamazoo, sang in the First Methodist Episcopal Church choir. He was a bass singer with a remarkable voice - a true bass. He sang also with the Mendelssohn Choir, an outstanding male chorus of Pittsburgh, for several months.

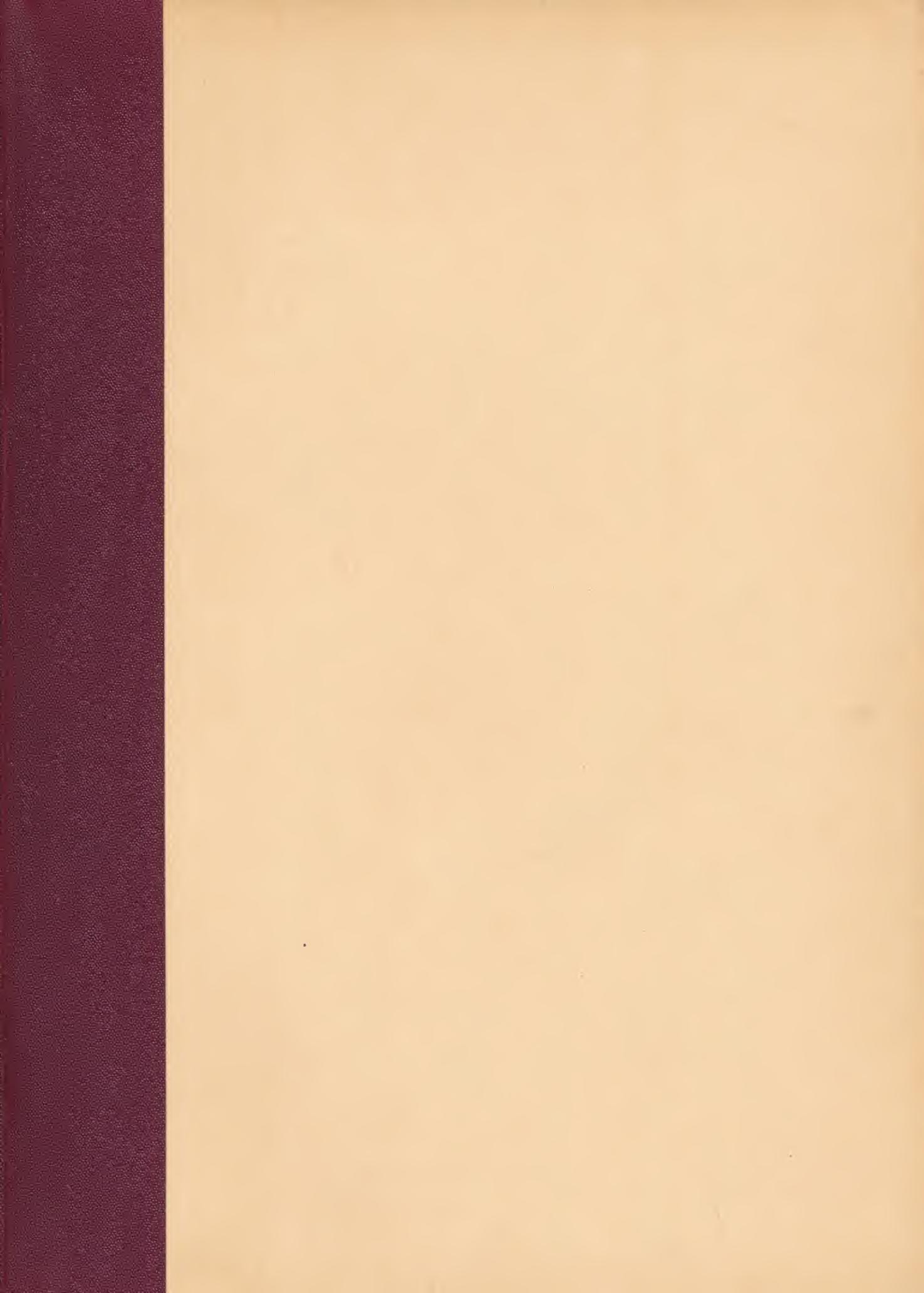


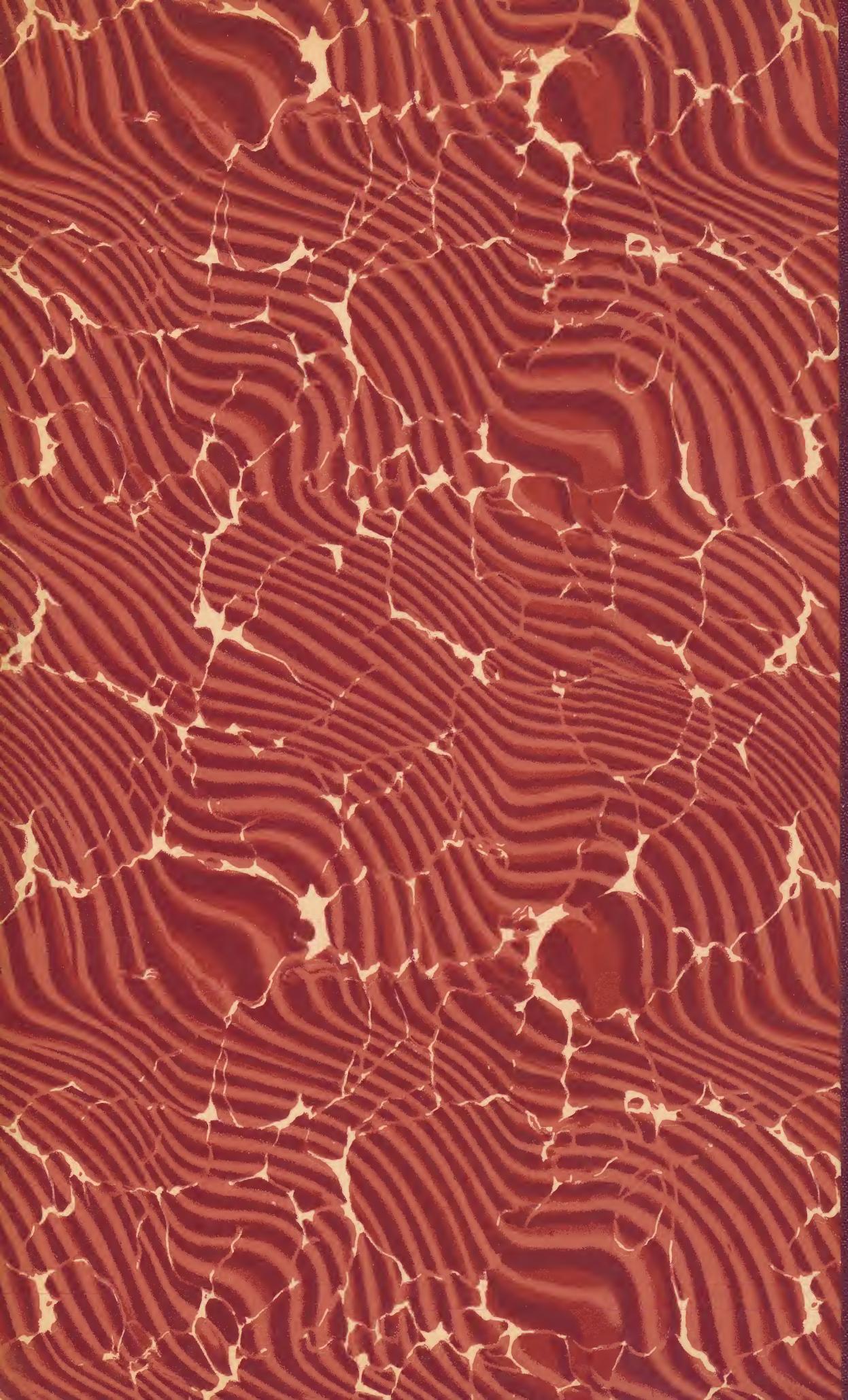
Mr. Wallace was ill for some time, finally giving up his work in the East, and returning to this city to live, but death came to him on Sunday morning, July 22, 1934, at Fairmount Hospital.

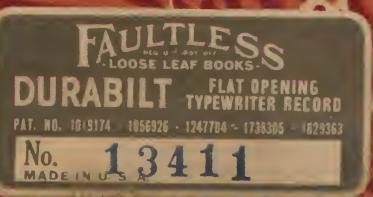
Besides the widow and four children, he is survived by the mother, Mrs. C. W. Best of this city, and the brother, Donald, also of Kalamazoo.

Funeral services were conducted by Dr. W. M. Puffer, who, years before, had received him into the church. Burial was at Riverside cemetery.











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